
P O E M S

FOR

O U R C H I L D R E N .

BY

MRS SARAH J. HALE.

INCLUDING

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION
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POEMS

FOR OUR CHILDREN:

INCLUDING "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB,"

DESIGNED FOR

FAMILIES, SABBATH SCHOOLS, AND INFANT SCHOOLS.

WRITTEN TO INCULCATE MORAL TRUTHS AND VIRTUOUS
SENTIMENTS.

BY MRS SARAH J. HALE.

'The love of country and the love of God.'

'Long may it be ere luxury teach the shame,
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.'

Mrs Sigourney.

PART FIRST.

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.

1830.

Reprinted with a preface
giving an account of

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

1916.

R. W. HALE, 16 CENTRAL ST.
BOSTON.

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BOSTON

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ADDISON C. GETCHELL & SON.



The Original Preface.

To all Good Children in the United States.

DEAR CHILDREN,

I wrote this book for you—to please and instruct you. I know children love to read rhymes, and sing little verses; but they often read silly rhymes, and such manner of spending their time is not good. I intended, when I began to write this book, to furnish you with a few pretty songs and poems which would teach you truths, and, I hope, induce you to love truth and goodness. Children who love their parents and their home, can soon teach their hearts to love their God and their country.

I offer you the ‘First Part’ of ‘Poems for our Children’—if you like these I shall soon write the Second Part, and perhaps I shall make a larger book.

SARAH J. HALE.

Boston, May 1, 1830.

Preface to the Second Edition.

To all Good Children in The United States.

DEAR CHILDREN,

My great-aunt, Mrs. David Hale, whose own name was Sarah Josepha Hale, wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and other poems to please and instruct your great-grandparents. That was in 1830, eighty-six years ago. Since then, your grandparents, your fathers and mothers, and you yourselves have all been familiar with the poem and the story of Mary and her Lamb. But it is a long time since 1830, when it was first printed, and people have almost forgotten who wrote it and how it looked when first printed. Indeed, the original book is so rare that only three copies of it are known to remain today. And so, in 1904, I wrote for your elders the story of how my great-aunt Sarah Josepha wrote her poems and printed her book, and also the further story how some other people pretended that some one else wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb." My account of it all was published in the "Century" magazine for March, 1904.

Now here is the book in which "Mary" was first published, carefully reprinted, so that you, and your children after you, can see exactly how it looked when your great-grandparents first read about Mary and her Lamb. I know you will like to read it yourselves.

R. W. H.

16 Central St., Boston, Mass.

September 1, 1916.

P O E M S .

BIRDS.

If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in a pretty nest,
I must not, in my play,
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away—
So I'll speak to the birds,
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule,
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

And so the Teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said—‘I’m not afraid—
You’ll keep me from all harm.’

‘What makes the lamb love Mary so?’
The eager children cry—

‘O, Mary loves the lamb, you know,’
 The Teacher did reply;—
 ‘And you each gentle animal
 In confidence may bind,
 And make them follow at your call,
 If you are always *kind*.’

MY MOTHER’S SWEET KISS.

I have learned my lesson,
 And mother said
 She would give me a *kiss*
 When I went to bed—
 I do not want sugar-plums,
 Candy and cake,
 They make my mind dull,
 And my head to ache.

My mother’s sweet kiss
 Is my best reward—
 To gain her smile

I will study hard—
And when I am good,
She has always said
She would give me a kiss
When I went to bed.

SPRING.

The pleasant Spring has come again,
The pretty birds are here,
The grass grows in the gentle rain,
And buds and flowers appear—
I love to see the sky so clear,
And all things look so gay—
The fairest month in all the year
Is sweet and sunny May.

And well I know the cold deep snow
And winter storms are past,
And merrily now to school I'll go,
Nor fear the chilling blast—

I love the sun, the gentle wind,
And bird, and flower, and bud,
And well I love my teacher kind,
But best I love my God.

SUMMER MORNING.

How beautiful the morning,
When summer days are long;
O, we will rise betimes and hear
The wild-bird's happy song—
For when the sun pours down his ray
The bird will cease to sing;
She'll seek the cool and silent shade,
And sit with folded wing.

Up in the morning early—
'Tis Nature's gayest hour!
There's pearls of dew upon the grass
And fragrance on the flower.—

Up in the morning early,
And we will bound abroad,
And fill our hearts with melody,
And raise our songs to God.

THE MOLE AND THE EAGLE. .

The mole is blind, and under ground,
Snug as a nest her home is found;
She dwells secure, nor dreams of sight—
What need of eyes where all is night!

The eagle proudly soars on high,
Bright as the sunbeams is his eye—
To lofty rocks he wings his way,
And sits amid the blaze of day.

The mole needs not the eagle's eye,
Unless she had his wings to fly—
The light of day no joy would give,
If under ground-she still must live.

And sad 't would for the eagle be,
 If like the mole, he could not see,
 Unless you took his wings away,
 And shut him from the hope of day.

But both live happy in their way—
 One loves the night—and one the day—
 And God formed each, and formed their
 sphere,
 And thus his goodness doth appear.



CHOOSING THE FLOWER.

'I have a present, child, for thee,
 A flower—you will not lose it,
 Come choose you one from out these three,
 And tell me why you choose it.'

'The poppy—O 't is beautiful;—
 The brightest flower that blows—
 But Mother—I had rather smell
 A violet or rose—

‘The poppy makes me sleepy too,
 So I will choose some other—
 But these two flowers—what shall I do ?
 I want them both, my mother.’

‘And I, my gentle child, want one,
 And surely you ’ll not grieve me,
 And take the pretty ones—and none
 But this dull poppy leave me.’

‘No, mother—no—the *rose* is thine—
 How sweet—here only breathe it ;
 —I choose the *violet* for mine,
 —Because—it grew beneath it.’



THE THUNDER STORM.

Look ! the black cloud rises high—
 Now it spreads along the sky—
 See ! the quivering lightnings fly—
 Hark ! the thunder ’ll roar

Yet I will not shrink with fear
When the thunder crash I hear ;
Soon the rainbow will appear,
And the storm be o'er.

In the summer's sultry day,
When hot winds around us play,
We should sink, the fever's prey,
And revive no more.

But the dark clouds fill the skies,
And the vivid lightning flies ;
Then the cooling winds arise,
And our pains are o'er.

And I will not feel alarm—
God can shield me from all harm ;
In the sunshine, or the storm,
God I will adore.

MY COUNTRY.

America! my own dear land,—
 O, 'tis a lovely land to me;
 I thank my God that I was born
 Where man is *free* !

Our land—it is a glorious land—
 And wide it spreads from sea to sea—
 And sister States in Union join
 And all are *free*.

And equal laws we all obey,—
 To kings we never bend the knee—
 We may not own no Lord but God
 Where all are *free*.

We've lofty hills and sunny vales
 And streams that roll to either sea—*
 And through this large and varied land
 Alike we're *free*.

* Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

You hear the sounds of healthful toil,
And youth's gay shout and childhood's glee,
And every one in safety dwells,
And all are *free*.

We 're brothers all from South to North,
One bond will draw us to agree—
We love this country of our birth—
We love the *free*—

We love the name of Washington,
I lisped it on my father's knee—
And we shall ne'er forget the *name*
While we are *free*.

My Land, my own dear native Land,
Thou art a lovely land to me;
I bless my God that I was born
Where man is *free* !

THE BOY, THE BEE, AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

One morning when the sky was fair,
And softly breathed the balmy air,
And little birds were on the wing,
And little lambs were frolicking,
And little boys, a cheerful throng,
Were tripping merrily along,
The school-house garden stands, and there,
With book in satchel, they repair,
The bell rings loud !—away, away!
No truant now may stop to play.
—But Edward was an idle lad,
He loved to play, and he was sad
To hear the bell ring loud—he sighed—
Just then a butterfly he spied,
All powdered o'er with gold, its form
Was bright as rainbow 'mid the storm :
From flower to flower it lightly flew,

And sipped and sipped the silver dew—
Young Edward gazed—‘ I wish that I
Was happy as that butterfly.’

A Bee, that on a floweret lay,
And there had toiled since peep of day,
And now her sack with honey filled,
Her legs with yellow wax concealed,
Was just preparing home to steer,
But Edward’s wish had thrilled her ear,
And thus she answered—(bees you know
Can work, perhaps they reason too—)

‘ Edward, if happiness you prize
Think not ’t is found with butterflies—
They sport around while summer shines,
But when the gaudy day declines,
And whistling winds are keen and rude,
They have no home, no friends, no food—
You ’ll see this idle butterfly
Then shiver, stiffen, sink and die!
For me, ’t is true I labor hard,
But then my cells are built and stored,
And ’mid cold winter’s fiercest storm,
I live so snug—and lie so warm—

My honey-cups I gaily quaff,
With friends I sing, and sport, and laugh—
'T is spring's and summer's industry
Makes winter hours so sweet to me.
Edward, from my example's truth,
Improve the golden days of youth,
In books, or business steadily
Engage, then like the busy bee,
Should age, or want, or weakness come
You 'll find resources, friends and home.
But if, like yonder fluttering thing,
You waste your time in rioting,
A heedless, helpless, useless drone,
You 'll have to fly or fall alone.'

So spoke the bee and homeward flew,
Young Edward heard, and thanked her too;
Quoth he, 'with speed to school I 'll hie,
I will not be a butterfly.'

SABBATH MORNING.

Welcome, welcome, quiet morning—

I 've no task, no toil to-day ;
Now the Sabbath morn returning,
Says a week has passed away.

Let me think how time is gliding;
Soon the longest life departs;
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts;

Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness ;
Vain the wish, the care the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.

Swift my childhood's dreams are passing,
Like the startled doves they fly,
Or bright clouds, each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.

Soon I'll hear earth's flattering story,
Soon its visions will be mine—

Shall I covet wealth and glory?
Shall I bow at pleasure's shrine?

No, my God—one prayer I raise thee,
From my pure and happy heart,
Never let me cease to praise thee—
Never from thy fear depart.

Then, when years have gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me,
There my treasure will be laid.

THE LESSON.

'Come here, my son,' the father said—
'What lesson have you read today?'
The little prattler raised his head,
And shook his curls away,
And answered with an earnest eye,
'My father, I have read the sky.'

‘How read the sky?’—‘Yes, father, yes—
I saw a beauteous rainbow there,
And then I thought, how fair it is—

And read, God made it fair ;
You say that everywhere around
Lessons of wisdom may be found.

‘O, father, tell me how I can
Read all I see in earth or sky?’

‘My son, the God who fashioned man
Can guide his heart and eye,
To him as to thy Master look—
He made, and he can teach the *book*.’



THE BRIGHT HEARTH.

Now the gloomy winter days,
Clouds and storms are coming on,
But our cheerful hearth doth blaze
Brighter than the summer sun.

Here, my mother, we can stay
With thee, in this pleasant room;
Who would ask abroad to play,
When so cheerful is their home?

Soft the song of summer bird,
Sweet the breath of summer flower,
But a kind, a loving word
Comes with sweeter, softer power.

Mother, when thy loving voice
Checks or cheers we will obey,
And be silent, or rejoice
Through this stormy, gloomy day.

And when evening shades appear,
Brighter still will glow our hearth,
Then our *father* will be here,
And his smile will join our mirth.

THE STARS.

‘ See, the stars are coming
In the far blue skies !
Mother, look ! they brighten—
Are they angel’s eyes ? ’

‘ No, my child, the splendor
Of those stars is given,
Like the hues of flowers,
By the God of heaven. ’

‘ Mother, if I study,
Sure He ’ll let me know
Why those stars he lighted
O’er our earth to glow : ’

‘ Child—what God has finished
Has a glorious aim,—
Thine it is to worship
And love His holy name. ’

PRAYER.

Our Father in heaven,
 We hallow thy name !
May thy kingdom so holy,
 On earth be the same—
O, give to us, daily,
 Our portion of bread !
It is from thy bounty
 That all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions,
 And teach us to know
That humble compassion
 That pardons each foe—
Keep us from temptation,
 From weakness and sin—
And thine shall be glory
 Forever—amen !

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